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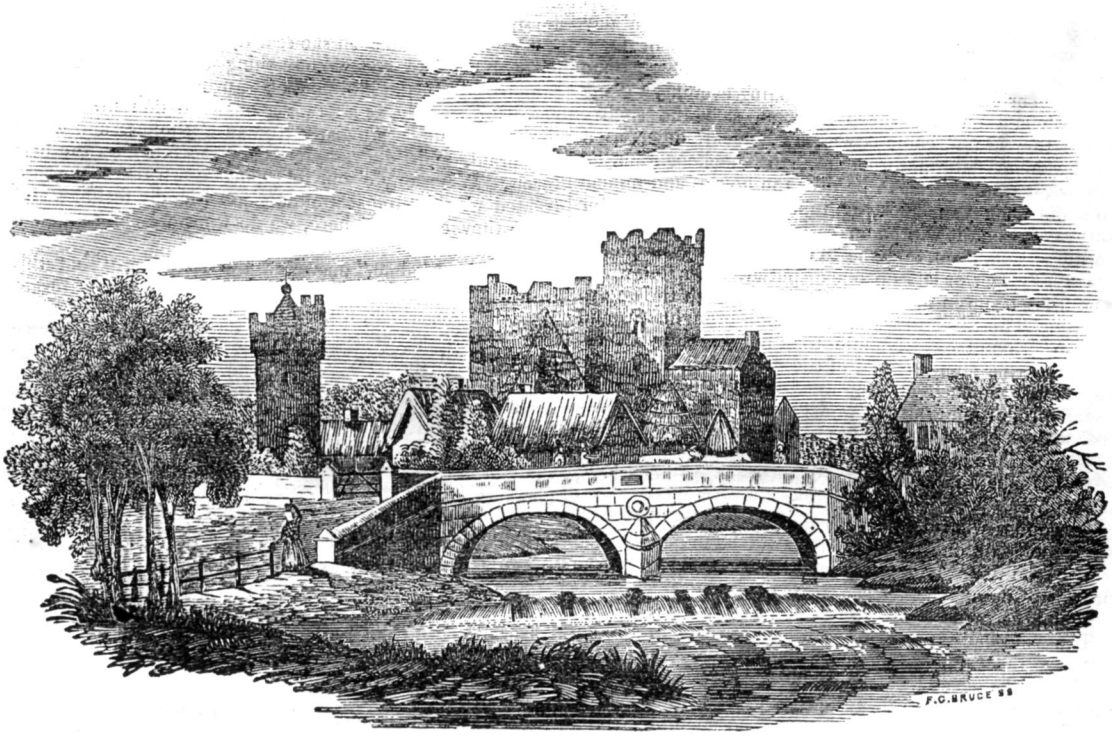
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to fourteen feet square, together with the crumlagh, were blasted and quarried; I think under the directions of the late general Fisher, who, I believe, had the management of the line of military stations then erecting from Bray to Sandymount, along the coast. The antiquarian or lover of Ireland's 'by gone days,' must ever regret the destruction of an object so worthy of his attention; particularly where no possible advantage could arise, with the exception of a few hundred loads of stone obtained with facility by some public contractor.

I have not visited Dalkey for many years. The ruin

alluded to by B. formerly consisted of seven castles; and the writer remembers a considerable extent of the town wall standing: it then joined one of the castles, and crossed the Dublin road in an oblique direction. It must be within the recollection of many of the citizens of Dublin, the festive days they spent when crowning the King of Dalkey: the last coronation which took place was in the summer of 1797. Near this town was formerly worked with some advantage a lead mine, and from the ore raised, a considerable quantity of silver was obtained.

C. H. W.



TERMONFICKAN

Termonfickan, or as it is now called, Torfeckan, is a handsome village in the county of Louth, four miles north of Drogheda, pleasantly situated on a small river, (over which is a handsome cut-stone bridge), half a mile from the sea-shore, and is chiefly resorted to in summer for the benefit of sea-bathing.

The name signifies the sanctuary of Saint Fechan, who was abbot of Fowre, in the county of Westmeath; of whom Colgan says that he "founded the noble monastery of Esdara; which the lord of the territory of Leny endowed with great possessions, and with the tract of land extending from the river, which leaves the monastery, to the sea;" and we learn from Ware, that there was here an abbey of Regular Canonesses, the possessions of which were confirmed by Pope Celestine the Third, A. D. 1195.

In former times the founder of a church was obliged, prior to its consecration by the bishop, to endow it with certain properties for the maintenance of the clergy connected with the establishment. To these lands, which were denominated Erenach or Termon lands, various privileges were annexed: they were exempt from all lay charges, and became sanctuaries; and strictly "territorium ecclesiasticum"—and were in some respects equivalent to our glebe lands; and hence the name, Termonfechan.

The parish church of Saint Fechan is handsomely situated on a rising ground over the river, and is a neat commodious structure; having a good steeple and spire, but cannot boast of much antiquity. In the chancel some of the archbishops are interred. In the churchyard is an antique stone cross, about six feet high, with bas-reliefs of

the usual description, but much defaced; the church also contains some handsome mural monuments.

A short distance from the church, and commanding the road to the sea-shore, is a lofty, square, embattled tower, apparently of the reign of Henry the Eighth, in very good preservation. It consists of three stories, having a parapet at the top, with a look-out tower; and a platform on the side next the coast. From its situation and appearance, it has evidently been intended as a defence; and even yet might be used as such to advantage; being very strong, and commanding the country all round. It is now inhabited by mendicants, and is called the "curate's house;" for what reason I could never learn.

Termonfickan has been the residence of two remarkable characters—Doctor James Ussher, and Doctor Oliver Plunket; the one celebrated for his learning, the other for his misfortunes. Of the latter it may suffice to say, that he was characterized by Bishop Burnett as "a wise and sober man; who was for living quietly, and in due submission to the government." He was convicted of an impossible crime, and sentenced to an ignominious death. He was dragged on a sledge to Tyburn, and executed on the 1st of July, 1681, in the presence of an immense multitude of spectators.

After his execution, his head was severed from his body, which was divided into quarters, and buried in St. Giles's churchyard in the fields. At the end of two years it was raised, and conveyed to a monastery of English Benedictines at Lambspring, in the Duke of Brunswick's territories in Germany; and re-buried there with much pomp.—The head, however, even yet adorned with silvery hair, is

preserved in a monastery of Dominican nuns at Drogheda, in an ebony casket, in very good preservation; and even yet retains in its features the benign and peaceable character of the archbishop's countenance.

R. A.

OLD NANNIE BOYD—A TRUE NARRATIVE.

One evening, during the severe winter of 1799, as Nannie Boyd* came in from the bhyre (cow-house), with a pail of milk in her hand, she thus addressed her family—"this is gaun to be a very severe night, childer. I saw in the morning that the tap o' Slieve Bawn, between us and the glens, was white wi' sna; and I doubted a' day we would have a fa': I have been now upwards of forty years living in this place, and I dianna remember to hae seen a mair gloomy and dismal-looking evening. Gang you, Bab, and put the sheep in some safe and sheltry place: they are a' come down frae Knockkrammer, as if led by some natural foreboding, to Knockcoghran, on purpose, it would seem; to be near the houses and human aid: and gang you, Jack, and bring in mair peats; for you may depend it will be an easier task now than in the morning: and, Jean, said she to the girl, bring in plenty o' water." Her orders no one disputed. Her son, wrapping himself up in his great coat, set off with the dog to the hill. The turf and water were soon brought in; and a large fire put on. Nannie took her seat at her wheel in the corner; and several of the neighbours' girls, who had, as was the custom, come in with their wheels, formed a semi-circle round the fire, and commenced their nightly task with one of Burns's songs—

"The gloomy night is gathering fast."

An hour had elapsed, when Nannie stopped her wheel, and said—

"I wonder what detains Bab sae lang on the hill?"

"Hoot," said one of the girls, "do ye think that Bab will be on Knockcoghran, and no gang owre to the Brownstown, and see his sweet-heart."

Nannie seemed satisfied, and resumed her wheel.

The wind had now risen, and a choking drift was falling fast. A rap came to the door; but as every one lifted the latch, and came in without any ceremony, little attention was paid to it; till a second was given, when one of the girls rose, and opened the door. A man of genteel appearance entered, covered with snow, from which being disengaged, he thus addressed the family:

"This is a very snowynight, and I believe I have nearly lost my way. Is there any person in this house that will conduct me safe to Broughshane, and I will reward him handsomely."

"I'm thinking," said Nannie, "ye had better come forward to the fire, an' warm yersel'; its an unco cauld night; and I doubt there's nane in the town could gang wi' ye, but my son, Bab; and he's no in at present. Sit down at the fire, and we'll see what can be done."

The stranger took a seat; and Nannie, without saying another word, lighted a candle, stepped into the room, and soon returned with a plate of butter, some oat-cakes, and the heel of a cheese, which she placed on the kitchen-table; saying to the stranger—

"Turn round your chair, and take a bite o' bread; ye nae, maybe, travelled a lang road the day, and ye canna be the worse o' eating something."

The gentleman thanked her, turned round, and took a hearty luncheon; adding, "that he had come from Cushendall, by what the people there told him was the shortest way to Broughshane; though I suspect," said he, "that they intended to put me wrong; yet, I must acknowledge, that they told me also, that the road I was travelling on, would take me to my destination."

"Might I mak sae free," said Nannie, "as to ask what business ye follow, that obliged ye to come owre the hills at this season o' the year. It was weel the ground

was frozen; otherwise ye might hae been lost a' the gither."

"Ineed, Madam," said the stranger, "I am a soldier; at present under strict orders to join my regiment, now in Ballymena;" giving his name at the same time.

At mention of the word soldier, one of the girls slipped o'er.

"And if ye be a soldier," said Nannie, "why but ye hae on a red coat? I ay like to see folk appearing in their proper colours."

"That is very right," said the gentleman; "but I only arrived from Scotland yesterday; and as the people in this country were so lately in a state of insurrection, I thought it safest to put on coloured clothes, lest I might meet with some insult, or, perhaps worse, from the inhabitants, among whom I am a total stranger."

"Ye needna hae been sae scar'd," replied Nannie; "for ye woudna hae met wi' any thing but civility either in the glens, or in the braid; that is, provided ye conducted yersel' discreetly, as a stranger ought to do: for though the glens folk are maistly Roman Catholics, and we in the braid, maistly Presbyterians, yet we live on the best terms. When any o' our folk gangs down there, they are treated wi' the utmost kindness and friendly feeling; and when they come up here, we do what we can to mak a return."

"I wish, Madam," answered the stranger, "that this was the universal practice in Ireland; but I forget Broughshane, which, if possible, I must be in to-night."

"Indeed," answered Nannie, "I just think ye may be thankfu' that ye're in bigged we's. Do ye hear how awfu' the storm is raging without, an' the drift whirling through the air; (I wish Bab was hame); look at that window and see how its blinded wi' the sna'. Ye man e'en content yersel' whar ye are till the marning;—I can gie ye a clean bed, and plenty o' blankets, which ye'll find usefu' on sae cauld a night."

The gentleman went to the door, looked out, and returned; saying, "he would be happy to accept of her friendly offer, as the night was getting still worse."

Shortly after, her son, Bob, returned, almost choked with drift, and covered with snow; from which being disengaged, he sat down at the fire, saying that he never experienced so severe a night.

"This is a stranger," said his mother, "that wants somebody to conduct him to Broughshane; but I think he is better here than out in sic a night; he's a military man, and gaun on some important business I suppose; but naebody could gang out the night on any account."

"It would be," replied her son, "a tempting o' Providence to gang the length o' Skirry, through sic storm, he will, I hope, content himself whar he is till the marning."

The stranger and Bob soon got into conversation; the former related many interesting anecdotes in military life; and described many of the towns in which he had been quartered; and some of the most remarkable highland hills, glens, and mountains that he had visited; and with which he seemed quite familiar; but when he told them that the city of London contained more inhabitants than the counties of Antrim and Down put together, they were amazed, and scarcely gave credit to his assertion.—Bob, on the other hand, told him that the place where he now was, was called the Fourtowns of Skirry in the braid; that though it was a mountainous district, the inhabitants were a tolerably well informed class, having a respectable book-club; and the newspapers circulating regularly among them, &c. In this way the night passed till bed time; and after all the night's avocations were finished, Bob brought forward the "bigga bible, ance his father's pride;" and seating himself, said, with becoming gravity, "let us worship God;"—choosing a psalm, he commenced singing, in which he was joined by the stranger, and all the family; and afterwards he read a chapter in the bible, and then knelt down to pray, offering up the thanks of a grateful and pious heart to the dispenser of all good, for the protection which his humble roof afforded them in such a dreadful night; imploring His protecting care over such as were so unfortunate as to be overtaken by the storm, or, perhaps, perishing in the snow.

The gentleman, after all was finished, remarked that he almost fancied himself at home in Scotland; observing, at

* It is customary in some parts of Ireland, and in Scotland, to call a married woman by her maiden name: Nannie's husband, who was some time dead, was Thomas Crawford.